

A BITE upon the MISER;

Or, A Trick upon the Parson by a Sailor.

YOUNG women, if you draw near a-while,
I'll sing you a ditty shall make you to smile,
And you that have covetous parents, draw near;
This story is as true as ever you did hear.
In fair London city there lived of late,
A miser that had worldly riches so great.
He had a fair Daughter, whom all did adore,
But he kept her single for sake of his store.
Many young gallants came daily to wooe,
But yet with her father they nothing could do,
For tho' he had thousands his heart would not give,
Him to part with his money as long as he liv'd.
This beautiful damsel that was most divine,
Said, sure no one's fortune is like unto mine:
The bloom of my youth I have spent like a nun,
My father dislikes every lover that come.
I fain would be married for I do know,
Old maids are despised wherever they go.
Therefore I will wed while my beauty doth bloom,
I am resolv'd to wed with the next that doth come.
So now I must leave this fair maid for a-while,
Until fortune upon her be pleas'd to smile,
To mention a young man of courage so bold,
Whose mind was noble, but he had no gold.
He was a sailor that plow'd the main,
Who lately from the Indies was come.
Upon this fair creature he then cast an eye,
For she was a neighbour that lived hard by.
He said, to court her it is but in vain,
Her father no suiter will entertain.
Those that have no riches must never come there,
But I'll venture tho' I be never the near.
He writes to her thus, for pardon I crave,
Since Cupid, dear madam, has made me your slave.
I am but a sailor, the truth to unfold,
But true love is better than silver or gold,
In many strange countries dear madam I've been,
And many a beautiful face I have seen:
But none ever wounded my heart till I see,
The charms of my dearest, so pleasing to me.
As soon as the letter came to her hand,
By directing another to him she did send:
Saying, Sir, I do find you've a passion for me,
But first with my father you are to agree.
I courted have been by some Lords of renown,
My father dismisses them all with a frown,
But if you find any means to obtain,
Me by his consent, I your servant remain.
To court me come in your tarpaulin dress,
For then the old man will like you the best:
True he has slighted some persons of fame,
Who knows but a sailor his favour may gain?

The sailor dress'd him so neat and trim,
And to see the maiden did come in,
Her father seeing him enter the room,
Went up and ask'd him from whence he come.
The sailor made him no answer at all,
But stept into the room, and embrac'd her withal,
The old man amaz'd these adventures to see,
Cries, Impudent rascal! who can it be?
She said, It is one whom I adore;
He'll wed me, and does not value your store.
You'll not wed me with one that has gold,
Therefore I will wed with this sailor so bold.
Then the old man bid him straitway be gone,
And see you no more after her do come.
Sir, I for my daughter a parson design,
And they shall be wedded in a short time.
The sailor surpriz'd to hear what he did say,
In sorrowful sort he went jogging away:
And the daughter amaz'd this thing to see,
Began to enquire who this parson might be.
Her father said, a man just and true,
One who I am sure is the finest for you:
He preaches the gospel, your soul he may save,
I prefer him to one who is ever so brave.
But this piece of divinity, Sir, let me see,
Whom you are willing should wed with me,
The father cries, you shall see him to night,
And if you do like him wed him out right.
Night being come, the old canter he came in,
But sure such a figure never was seen,
Both old and decrepid, a hump at his back,
With a nose and a chin a walnut would crack.
The cuff went trudging into the room,
By your father's consent, my dear, I am come;
His pleasure it is my wife you shall be,
And a loving husband I will be to thee.
The lady was proper, as some do report,
He went to salute her but he was too short,
He scarcely could reach up to her apron-string,
But heartily begg'd her to stoop unto him.
This charming creature, reply'd with a smile,
To stoop to a man is not worth my while,
Indeed, Mr. Parson, to tell you plain,
I never design to stoop to a man.
He said, If I have you, without any controul,
I must advise you for the good of your soul,
And therefore be humble and meek my dear,
And then to salute her, jump'd up in a chair.
He eagerly kiss'd her, saying, sweet are thy
I never can rest but in thy dear arms, (charms,
So then her father came stumbling in,
And said, Daughter, can you fancy him?

Sweet honoured father, the Lady reply'd,
Indeed to this dwarf I never will be ty'd.
The old man in a passion down stairs did hie,
And swore the sailor should instantly die.
A coachman had liv'd with him some time,
A covetous wretch after the coin,
A resolute ruffian as ever you did know,
He secretly unto this fellow did go.
He told him, If he a secret would keep,
He would reward him with riches so great,
If he would contrive this sailor to kill,
As his daughter in wedlock might not have her will,
The Coachman protested, Indeed that he'd do;
Do not fear but that I'll make him to rue.
But to his mistress the Coachman he went,
And told her father's most cruel intent.
Her father that night being out of the way,
She sent for the Sailor without more delay;
She told him his base and bloody design,
Saying, Now I will bite him of some of his coin.
For this night you murder'd are to be,
Till to-morrow night you must stay with me.
And when he thinks you murdered are,
I'll make him think your ghost doth appear.
The coachman out in the evening did go,
As the miser did think the job for to do,
In two or three hours he home did return,
And told the miser the job it was done.
Pray where did you kill him, John the miser said,
And where did you through him when he was dead?
He said, Sir, I tumbled him into a well,
Then the miser laugh'd at what he did tell.
But, said he, I must lie with you to night,
For the deed I have done puts me in a fright.
I fancy he'll haunt me, indeed, in the end,
Said the miser, never fear, for the parson we'll send.
And he shall be with us, nights two or three,
For he knows of the murder as well as we,
And since we are guilty, a like we must fare,
They sent for the Parson and to bed did repair.
As soon as they were got in their gentle repose,
To the chamber door the sailor strait goes;
Then three blows he gave did sound like a Drum,
Oh! master, quoth Jack, the ghost is now come.
Three terrible groans he gave, as we here,
And softly crept into the room to his dear,
And the parson's hair stood an end on his head,
And with fright the miser was almost dead.
The parson look'd like one struck dumb,
In the morning the Daughter unto him did come,
She said, what disturbance was that in the night?
I'm sure I heard something which did me affright.
The parson said, Jewel, you need not to fear,
Satan has no power while I am so near,
If any thing fright you, my dear, call to me,
Till we're marry'd your father's bed fellow I'll be.
She then seem'd pleasant and sat with a smile,
While Jack was laying the plot all the while,

For to get things ready the ghost to array,
But her Father sat like a drone all the Day.
They went to bed again when it was night,
Her father said, Jack, let us set up a light.
It is a good thing the parson then said,
I will pray for you then be not afraid.
The lady dress'd up the ghost, when she'd so done,
With a torch in his hand to the chamber he came,
And gently moving towards the bed,
The old man from his pillow lifted his head.
And seeing the sailor appear thus in black,
He eagerly open'd on his man Jack.
Now he'll kill me without any controul,
O parson, O parson, come pray for my soul.
The parson crept down in the midst of the bed,
And the miser pull'd the cloaths over his head,
The sailor to the bed's feet walk'd down,
And pull'd the bed cloaths upon the ground.
Now the parson shat for fear as he lay,
And the miser said, parson, why don't you pray?
Pray! said the Parson, I am in so much fear,
Let's jump out of bed, and run down stairs.
They strove who first should get out of the room,
And the Parson head long then tumbled down.
Jack laugh'd 'till he piss'd to see how his hump,
Against every stair did go thump a thump thump.
And as the ghost the old miser did pass,
A burning hot link he thrust in his arse,
Who after the Parson did tumble down stairs,
And cry'd out, Parson, O Parson, your prayers.
They open'd the Doors, and in the street run,
The watchmen with staves and lanterns did come,
O what is the matter? The Devil they cry'd,
Then keep him among you the watchmen reply'd.
As naked they cringeing did stand in the street,
The sailor did put out the candle, and creep,
Up stairs to his Love, who kept him till noon,
Until she got him safe out of the room.
Next Day it was noised abroad as we hear,
That the ghost to the old miser did appear,
Within a month after he gave up his breath,
And gave his Daughter all he had on the earth.
Then the Parson never came a courting more,
And she wedded the sailor whom she did adore,
An hundred a year unto Jack she did give,
For to maintain him while he did live.
At the wedding-dinner was told the game.
The guest were pleas'd, and none did them blame,
But truly commended this coup'e have been,
Since he would have acted so cruel a scene.

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